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THE OREGON MIST



CHAPTER XI.
February had come, bringing some bring-like days; the feathered lovers were already serenading their ladies; printroses and crocuses were springing to meet the first smile of their god. And June was decidedly growing less wan and white, her step was more elastic. Grief was still her master passion; but, already, Time was doing for her what he does for the young, and indeed for the old, too, only the influence of anger. June in a tempore slowly. And Tom had brayely aided to some the master passion; but already the influence of anger. June in a tempore slowly. And Tom had brayely aided more slowly. And Tom had bravely aided

Time. "Should you be very angry if I were to say something to you?" he asked June one day.
"No," answers June, placidly, with a

tolerably good intuition of his meaning. "I have been afraid to say a word yet," he utters, still much perturbed in his mind. "But—but—ob, my darling, will you some day come and live here for good and all?—do you care enough for me to marry me?"

June does not answer in words, but she

gives a little pressure to the hand which holds hers.

After that, what could any man do under the circumstances, especially a man madly in love, but snatch his darling to June trembles violently; this time it is not from horror or disgust, but because the sudden remembrance of Dallas' kiss smites her, and with it the awful neces-sity of confessing her shame to Tom. In a moment she tears herself from his arms, and, starting up, rushes over to the fireplace. He dares not pursue her; already he is accusing himself of indelicacy to her grief; the moment of delight is being punished by remorse too frequent se-

At last, making a tremendous effort over herself, June goes back to the sofa and sits down at a little distance from

him.
"I have something to tell you," she says, in a trembling voice. "No, do not come near me, do not touch me, until you have heard it; perhaps, afterward, you will not want to." A feeling of stupefaction comes over

Tom. What can she mean?
Then June turns her face from him and

I tell you?"
"What do you mean?" cries Tom, at his wits' end, unable to believe a breath against her, but unutterably pained and mystified by her words and her agitation. "Do you remember," she says at last,

"when when your cousin was here in the summer?"

Dal! What is this? Tom feels liter ally turning to stone. He cannot speak. "You went away for a day or two, and

and I saw a good deal of him, and I fancied"—oh, poor, poor June, the agony of this confession!—"that I was in love with him and he with me, and"—suddenly checking herself, and speaking in a strain-eed, unnatural voice—"he kissed me." Tom is dumb; if any one had plunged

the knife up to the hilt in his heart, he you. does not think the agony could be dead most lier. June, this model of purity, on whose lose you ten times over than that you spotlessness he would have staked his should find you had made a mistake-

cushions and is waiting with a beating heart for Tom's answer. There is a huge, long silence, and then a voice, distorted out of all likeness to Tom's, says: "And-you-let him!"

Silence, utter silence.

She has lost him, lost the truest, brav-

spreads itself out before her.

She trembles at the bare thought of

meeting him again. How will she look him in the face after this?

Mrs. Ellesmere is not surprised at din-per to remark that June's eyes are red from crying that is not an infrequent event—but she is surprised, very much surprised at the change in Tom's manner toward his beloved one. The ex-treme tenderness which has characterized it ever since June became an inmate of it ever since June became an inmate or the Hall is gone, and is replaced by a careful and studied politeness. Tom's mother hopes and believes that June has been refusing to give him any definite hope or to discuss the subject of mar-riage. The change in Tom's manner has in one way a beneficial effect on June; it makes her angry. She feels that he is unjust, and she resents injustice more than snything else in the world. She has told him this shameful secret of her own free will. He is welcome to give her up if he chooses, but he has no right to treat havior may give is that it is he, not she, who has broken the tie between them. But poor Tom has no idea of giving her up; he is suffering mortal agony and try-

ing with all his might to conceal it. June takes a book after dinner. She which she made a wry face. Still, it was as well to have carned his gratitude, as it tries to read the paper, but glances coverity at her from behind it and wonders if this awful thing she has told him can be true—wonders why she should be any them pass very agreeably, though she

turning round, laying her book down and saying coldly:

can do. I feel that I have already treapassed too long upon the hospitality of
Mr. and Mrs. Elleamere."
Miss June, who has such a love of justice, can be a trifle unjust herself under
the influence of anger. June in a temper is quite a new spectacle to Tom; he
is positively daunted by the manner of
this alim young girl. He springs from
his chair in a moment, crying:
"What do you mean, my darling?"
"I am not your darling," returns June,
waving him off as she sees, with her
quick woman's instinct, that she is going
to get the best of it. "I shall never be
anything to you now. As for your pretending to care for me, it was a farce."
A farce! For a moment Tom is speechless. Then he cries:

ess. Then he cries:
"Don't talk like that! Don't be angry with me, darling. It was such an awful June's eyes blaze; the blood mounts to

her cheeks, "Why need I ever have told you?" she "I have humbled myself in the dust," and here she begins to cry, half from pride, half from shame, "just be-cause I thought it was right and honora-

ble, and you treat me like this."

Tom feels himself the most utter brute on earth, as men do the first time they make the woman they love madly, cry. He essays to take her hand, but she snatches it from him; she turns her back upon him; she refuses to accept the exression of his penitence.
"Aunt Mary will be glad to have me,"

sobs Miss June; "she will not find me trouble; she will not want to get rid of

is intended for Mrs. Ellesmere, but Tom feels it and the truth of it most keenly. He cannot find words with which to answer it, therefore he tries once more to put his arm round June. To avoid him whe jumps up and runs to the fireplace.
"You need not come and see me there,

she adds. But this is too much for Tom. begins to cry piteously.

"Oh," she sobs, "how can I—how can takes both her hands in one of his and puts his other arm about her; she may resist if she pleases, but it is of no avail against his strength.

June does not hurt herself by strug-

gling; she has a more potent weapon than Tom's strength in that sharp little sword which Providence has given her not only to defend herself with, but to wound her

"Of course I am no match for you if on use violence," she says, coldly. But even this taunt does not cause Tom

"I have never leved any woman but you. But," and here his emotion is al-most too much for him, "I would rather spotlesaness he would be sould, kissed by Dallas! She has buried her face in the sofa you might have cared for some one more. You only saw Dal a few times, and

"Don't speak of him!" cried June, ve hemently. "I hate the very sound of his

"But if you saw him again -" It is enough. She does not deny it.

And, after giving her a full minute in which to reply he gets up and walks away, and June hears the door close upon him.

"Never! never! I despise him. Oh, Tom," and the girl looks up in his face with eloquent eyes, "you need not fear him or any one else now. When I—when him. I thought I fancied him, it was because I did not care for you. I did not know you est, kindest heart that ever beat. She is quite sure now that she loves him, that she would joyfully have been his wife, that she has lost the chance of immense happiness, and that a blank, lonely life "Are you quite sure you love me?" he

all. But yet neither of them has ever been so happy before,

CHAPTER XIL

The wedding day was fixed for the middle of the last week in August, and Mrs. Bryan wrote to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ellesmere, and suggested the propriety of inviting June to go to her in London for the purpose of selecting her

by the suggestion, but, after mature de liberation, she came to the conclusion that it was useless to fight against fate, and that the only thing to be done now was to make friends with June in order that the Hall might still be open to her when she chose to go there after the marriage. So, very much against the grain, she indit ed a charming letter to her future daughher in a way to arouse the suspicions of others. June's conscience being guilty, and promising that she should not be she fancies that the impression his be-

be repugnant to her feelings.

Tom, not being in the secret of Mrs.

Bryan's letter, was delighted with this
proof of kindness from his mother, and wrote her a very grateful epistle, over

be true—wonders why she should be an-gry, which she evidently is, and, most of all, longs to take her in his arms and say he forgives her, and to hear from her that she really and truly consents to be his.

Mrs. Ellesmere, waking from her dosc, goes off to her boudoir to write some letters. Tom sits for about ten minutes their mutual satisfaction, June would thinking how he shall approach his lady not hear of going to the play or even to love, when she saves him the trouble by the opera. She consented, however, to

drive in the work, and to sit in the How T. H. TONGUE DEAD with Tom to the morning, and the exing the gay crowd. One day Dallas, who was ignorant of hor arrival in town, dropped in to innehees. It was an embarrassing moment for every one, except apparently for Dallas, who greeted June with the greatest cordiality and had evi-dently forgotten that there had ever been a love passage between them. June re-covered herself in a moment, and behav-ed as though she were equally oblivious; indeed, she was now so devoted to Tom that she felt absolutely nothing for his quondam rival. It was Tom who felt the

MIST.

"Tell me, my darling," he said that night, with extreme anxiety, "has-has seeing Dal made ony difference in your feeling to me?

June put her hand into his, and looked

the young squire had looked forward as notified of his approaching end, and the one that must infallibly be the hapturnoil, nervousness, agitation, speechi-fying, are not generally very conducive to bliss. Still, everything "went off beau-tifully," as the phrase is.

The physiciand the family

The wedding was a very quiet one, but a great featival was given to the tenants. The rector and Mrs. Ellesmere did the honors of that, while the bridegroom and

The services were secured of an admirable courier (who prevented their having the smallest trouble and made semi-paternal love to June's maid). Tom's pockets were full of gold and silver and bank notes, which he flung about with the generosity and recklessness of the traditional "millor" (less well known on the Continent now than formerly); the best of every-now than formerly the best of every-now the best of every-now than formerly the best of every-now than formerly the best of every-now than formerly the best of every-now the best of every-now than formerly the best of every-now than formerly the best of every-now the formerly the formerly the formerly the best of every-now the formerly the fo

of her eye, the object of her intense devotion—in whose absence she felt it would be impossible to know happiness—could once have inspired disgust and weariness in her? Sometimes she was compelled to say, twining her arms round his neck, "How is it possible that I did not always love you as I do now?" and he would answer, pressing her to his faithful heart: "It seems more wonderful to me dar." "It seems more wonderful to me dar." "It seems more wonderful to me, dar-ling, that you should core for me now

than that you should not have cared for

Brave Deed of a Lighthouse Girl at on a farm several miles north of Hills-Matinicus Rock.

Island.

be carried away. On a lonely ocean out post like Matinicus rock a chicken is considered 1890, and was a delegate to the national with affectionate interest, and Abby solicitous for the safety of the inmates of the little coop, waited her chance, and when the seas fell off a little rush-

ed knee deep through the swirling water and rescued one of the chickens, She had hardly closed the door of the dwelling behind her when a sea, breaking over the rock, broke down the old cobblestone house with a crush

While the storm was at its height the waves threatened the granite dwelling, so that the family had to take refuge in the towers for safety, and and harbors was out here a year ago, there they remained with no sound to greet them without but the roaring of the wind around the lanterns, and no sight but the sea seething over the

Yet through it all the lamps were trimmed and lighted. Even after the storm abated the reach between the rock and Mactinicus Island was so rough that Capt. Burgess could not return until four weeks later.

About the Size of It. Willie-Pa, what is the reverse side

Pa-It's the side the other fellow never names when you toss him for the

OREGON REPRESENTATIVE SUCCUMBS TO HEART FAILURE.

Brought On by Acute Indigestion - End Came Peacefully and Without Pain-His Daughter Bertha and His Secretary Only Persons with Him - Many Expressions of Sorrow.

Washington, Jan. 12.—Representa-tive Thomas H. Tongue, of the First Oregon congressional district, in the presence of his daughter Bertha and June put her hand into his, and frankly into his eyes.

"Not the very, very least," she answerded. "I rather wonder now what I saw in him before. Tom," in a questioning voice, "could you love two people at once?" then with a lovely, rippling smile, "I could died without a word, without any traffering. His son, Thomas H., Jr., suffering. His son, Thomas H., Jr., In due course the day arrived to which did not reside with his father, but was not reach there until after he had

ying, are not generally very conducive obliss. Still, everything "went off beautifully," as the phrase is.

Miss June, as we know, was a triffe self-willed, and, in spite of what anyone was due to acute indigestion, which might say, she declined to be married in white with a bridal wreath and veil. As a matter of fact, she wished to go to the altar in black; but she was not allowed to offer this insult to the god Hymen, and therefore compromised the matter by wearing a charming toilet of silver gray.

And awardly wone and modest and says in the was in the same to accuse indigestion, which superinduced paralysis of the heart. Mr. Tongue had been in unusual health, and except for occasional attacks of dyspēpsia, to which he had been subject of late years, has not complained of feeling badly this winter. He candidred the was independent to the complete the same of the was independent to the property of the same of the heart. And sweetly young and modest and pretty she looked, with a faint carnation in her cheeks, and eyes bright with tears that she was resolute not to shed. For was she not happy and would she do distance to her love by her her by a weeping. honor to her love by being a weeping, mournful-looking bride? until a late hour. When he slept late mournful-looking bride?

honors of that, while the bridegroom and bride were bowling away in their carriage and political character. During the and-four on the first stage of their journey to Dover. For June had never been mained in bed, but rose and dressed rs ney to Dover. For June had never been abroad, and was to see all those lovely parts of Switzerland and the Rhine, which we, who have often seen them, turn up our noses at, but which to the novices are so entrancingly lovely and charming. And if ever two young people "did" the Continent pleasantly. Mr. and Mrs. Ellesmere did. Tom was the most liberal creature in the world, and endowed with a fair amount of wealth, and he was sensi. ture in the world, and endowed with a min an right. He went through fair amount of wealth, and he was sensible enough to know that the value of on the couch to read the papers. His money is the pleasure it can bring you. The services were secured of an admirable particles were secured their having.

rosity and recass well known on the Continent 'milor' (less well known on the Continent now than formerly); the best of everything was scarcely good enough for his his darling; his good temper was imperturbable, and his adoration at its topmost pinnacle.

Before either the doctors or his son arrived, however, Representative Tongue had passed away, having become unconscious at the time heavy breathing set in. In his late moments of consciousness he suffered nothing One question constantly perplexed her. How was it possible that Tom, the apple of her eye, the object of her intense debyond the natural disturbance caused by an attack of dyspepsia. He had no

came a national figure, was born in England on June 23, 1844. His par-ents were Anthony and Rebecca (Lawson) Tongue, and he was their only child. He was educated in England rou," he says, in a voice that is not quite steady. "My one idea of happiness is to have you for my wife; my one idea of utter misery and wretchedness is to lose show the misery and wretchedness is to lose."

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(Child. He was educated in England until his 15th year, when his parents and the misery and wretchedness is to lose. SHE RESCUED HER CHICKENS. county, Oregon, where they located boro, where the parents yet reside. Several of the violent storms that Young Tongue had had fairly good adhave whirled over the Matinicus rock vantages in the English schools and as have tried the fortitude of the little soon as he arrived in Hillsboro he band of faithful watchers upon it, says worked incessantly to give himself a the Century Magazine.

When the control of the co One of these watchers, Abby Burg- school on the North Tualatin plains ess, has become famous in our light- for several years, he finally concluded house annals, not only for long service, to take a collegiate course. He began but also for bravery displayed on various occasions. Her father was keep great difficulties, graduating with high er of the rock from 1853 to 1867. In honors in 1868. Upon leaving the January, 1856, when she was 17 years university he commenced the study of of age, he left her in charge of the law under Hon W. D. Hare, and so apt lights while he crossed to Metinicus a scholar was he that he was admitted to the bar in 1870

His wife was an invalid, his son was He early espoused the principles of away on a cruise and his four other the Republican party, by which party children were little girls. The follow- he was several times honored by nomirefer that there is no more talk of doubt; indeed, there is very little talk at ing day it began to "breeze up," the nations to prominent official positions, on Minots ledge in 1851. Before long board for six consecutive years In the seus were sweeping over the rock. 1888 he was elected to the state senate Down among the bowlders was a and served on the judiciary and other chicken coop which Abby feared might important committees.

He was chairman of the Republican state convention held at Portland in convention of the party at Minneapolis in 1892. In 1895 he was a candidate for United States senator, when Mc-Bride was elected. In 1896 Mr. Tongue was elected to the Fifty-fifth congress, defeating Binger Hermann for the nomination.

During the six years that he sat in congress, Mr. Tongue did great work for Oregon. He never lost an opportunity to secure appropriations for the rivers and barbors and for other purposes. When the house committee on rivers Mr. Tongue accompanied the members on their trips up and down the Columbia, and gave them the necessary in-

Admiral Melville Retires.

Washington, Jan. 13.—Rear Admiral George W. Melville, chief of the bureau of steam engineering, has been placed on the retired list of the navy, having reached the age limit of 62 years. Special authority by congress has been invoked to allow Admiral Melville to continue his services at the head of the bureau until his commission expires, August 9, 1903. Admiral Melville was ap cinted to the navy from New York n July, 1861.